

Vehicles, Harness and Farm Implements

COME TO US FOR EVERYTHING USED ON THE FARM.

Avery Corn Planters,
Haworth's Corn Planters,
Corn Drills,
Hand Planters,
Disc and Shovel Cultivators,
Garden Plows,
Double Shovels,

Buggies,
Surries,
Phaetons,
Road Wagons,
Farm Wagons,
Spring Wagons,
Bicycles,

Harness,
Saddles,
Collars and Pads,
Bridles,
Back Bands,
Dusters
Whips, etc.

Repairing and Painting Vehicles a Specialty with us.
Something to interest and save money to every farmer and stock man in the county at our house.

KY. BUGGY & HARNESS WORKS.

WANDERINGS IN EGYPT.

Rev. George Darsie's Trip of
Seven Hundred Miles up
the Nile.

Below we give another of Mr. Darsie's interesting letters, which seems to have been written from Cairo. Yesterday he arrived at Damascus, where he will remain until Tuesday when he will go by horse over Mt. Lebanon and source of Abana.

Our party of Forty two just filled the steamer *Memphis*, Gaze & Sons' best boat, and owing to the lateness of the season and the daily recession of the Nile, we started the afternoon of the day we reached Cairo, Wednesday, March 13. Our haste meant the avoidance of sandbars; and yet, two or three times on the way up we ran aground, though our steamer's draught was only two feet and a half. The proposed end of our journey was the historic island of Philae, which stands just at the head of the first cataract, 580 miles above Cairo, and 730 above Alexandria. The unique and beautiful panorama began the moment our boat started. There on the left is the island of Rhoda, at the head of which the spot at which the baby Moses in his ark of bulrushes was found by Pharaoh's daughter, is still pointed out. Green are the banks on either side with fields of waving grain, while never out of view are the groves of date palms, which make a feature so essential in every Egyptian landscape. The borders of the desert on either hand are seldom missing; for the Nile valley above Cairo is a narrow valley, varying from 14 to 32 miles in width. You may think as I did, that the desert is a low, flat country, but as seen from the Nile, both the Arabian desert on the East and the Libyan on the West are always hilly and sometimes mountainous—bare, desolate, sand-colored ranges, standing out against the deep blue sky.

On, on, our little steamer carries us, seven or seven and a half miles an hour against the swift current of the river. The backward look from our boat reveals the pyramid of Cheops and its companion, which had greeted our eyes in the forenoon as we approached Cairo by rail. I had eagerly watched myself to see if the usual "thrill" would come when the pyramids first loomed up—and it did. Now as we put miles and miles between us and them they follow on, and only disappear when the night settles down upon us.

Such a sunset as the first evening gave us would set an artist wild—almost wild enough to try to paint it. The transparent air, the glowing sky, the delicate, fleecy clouds, the shades of blue and purple which overcast the West, surmounting the novel and fascinating landscape below, made a scene of which I can not speak save with rapturous exclamations. And we had not fully recovered from the sunset till another view only less entrancing in the opposite heavens claimed our eyes. It

was the rising of the moon, then only one day past full. How glorious it made the night! Here we are at last on the Nile under an almost cloudless sky, breathing the dry, warm, delicious air, and revelling in the brightest moon our eyes ever saw. Was not this the perfection of physical enjoyment? And yet one needs to be careful even in this land of eternal sunshine and summer. When the thermometer is capable of ranging 33 degrees in eight hours, from 48 degrees to 81 degrees, or from 59 degrees to 92 degrees; even a dry atmosphere will not prevent a cold unless you properly protect yourself. We have had but one hot night; all the others have required, as the morning came on, closed windows and warm blankets.

This Nile has from remotest times been a source of wonder to the world. And the wonder still continues. Though the double mystery of its source and of its periodical inundations is not fully solved, yet is the story of its many peculiarities still fraught with interest to the people of every land. Its waters never get entire-clear. Even now at a time approaching their lowest point, they are still clouded with the soil which makes it at its annual overflow such a source of enrichment to this whole fertile valley. The river varies in width from half to three quarters of a mile, has a fall between Assouan (just below the first cataract) and Cairo of only seven inches to the mile, and yet maintains a current as swift as the Ohio or the Missouri. It is formed by the junction of the White and Blue Niles at Khartoum, 1,800 miles above Alexandria, and it has but a single tributary, and that less than 200 miles below. How it maintains its vast volume of water through a desert region of 1,600 miles, filling the valley along its banks with green fields and luxuriant vegetation, and yet pours a great tide at last by two mouths into the Mediterranean, is a wonder hard to explain. I said in my last that Egypt is the gift of the Nile. I now say that the Nile is Egypt. There would be nothing of the land without it. When Pharaoh in his dream saw the cattle coming up out of the river. Vegetable, animal, human life, would be impossible without it. The annual inundation begins in June, reaches its highest point in September, and declines in October. The ancient Egyptians divided the year into three periods of four months each—four months inundation, four months of seed time and four months of harvest. Of course on the lands that are not overflowed, but led by irrigation, seed time and harvest comes at least three times a year. It was interesting to see the planting of melon seed on the sand bars as we ascended. As fast as the waters decline and the bars appear in the middle of the river or along its banks, the natives make little hills and plant the seed. In from two and a half to three months they have their crop, and an abundant and delicious crop it is. We rode on our donkeys over acres and acres of the melon plants just peering

above the sandy soil. We were sorry not to tarry here till melons are ripe.

One of our most amusing experiences is with donkeys and donkey boys. The donkey is a charming feature of life in Egypt. He is an easy little beast to ride—when he doesn't stumble and fling you over his head. His gaits are usually a pace and a canter, and he can take you along at a good speed and maintain it a long time, despite his diminutiveness. Some of our ladies who never rode anything before, mounted their donkeys and got along swimmingly the very first time. The donkey boy goes behind on foot to spur up your long-eared beauty with a stick when he lags, and (what to him is far more important) to make ceaseless entreaties and devise ingenious schemes for backshish. "No good donkey, no good backshish," is about the sum of their English. But you can not satisfy one of them even if you empty your purse into his hand. The noise and fury of the donkey boys with their donkeys awaiting on the bank the coming ashore of our party double discounts any representation of Bedlam I ever heard or beheld. One expects to be pulled to pieces or trampled under foot in two minutes as he enters the bustling crowd. But he soon learns that there birk is worse than their bite, and that Arab noise in general, of which you can hardly form any proper conception without hearing it yourself, means a great deal less than it seems to. Vociferation is their chief stock in trade. It was my privilege to have some very attractive donkey boys, in whom I became greatly interested, and to ride on several donkeys I should love to own. My first one was named "Camel," I suppose from his size and color; my second was called "Gazelle," from a fancied blending of grace and speed; my third "Harmachis," from his godlike dignity, I judged; my fourth "Hatasu," for pure queenliness. What an ancient beast the donkey is! As I sat upon him I thought of Abraham going with Isaac to the hill of Moriah, Balaam riding to curse Israel, the good Samaritan conveying the wounded man to the inn, and of our Savior himself, as he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Egypt would be a hard place to get about in with its army of patient little donkeys to aid you.

Large quantities of water fowl are seen along the Nile. Indeed they are never out of sight. We saw many flocks of the large, white-winged ibis, though we were told that the sacred ibis, so often seen on the monuments, has entirely disappeared from Egypt. The crane, pelican, stork, wild duck, snipe, sandpiper and kingfisher were among the other varieties noted. Slate colored hawks are common, both along the river and in the towns, while vultures and eagles are not unusual. In short the feathered tribes have much to do in giving sprightliness to the Nile scenery.

The island of Philae, our most Southern point, is the lowest latitude I was ever in. It was scien-

tifically determined by the savants who accompanied the great Napoleon to Egypt in the early years of our century, to be 24 degrees, 3 minutes, 45 seconds. When night comes you instantly see the effect. Yonder is the North Star almost down to the horizon. Here in the Southern heavens shines bright Canopus, the chief star in the constellation of Argo, which you never saw before. Scorpio comes up so high that you have an unequalled view of the brilliant stars in his curving tail. While wonder of wonders, here comes into view for the first time the celebrated Southern Cross, four bright stars I had never hoped to see. True, they are a little disappointing, both because they are not as brilliant as I had supposed and because the cross seems a little far-fetched. But I remember that they are near the horizon and that they probably shape up better when they get higher in the heavens. So I content myself with saying, "I have seen the Southern Cross."

I went over from our steamer the other day to inspect a shadoof (the most ancient of irrigating machines), when I asked the fellow working it to let me raise a few buckets of water, just to see how it worked. I took hold of the well-sweep arrangement and speedily raised three of the leathern buckets full and dumped them into the ditch, to the great amusement of the staring Arabs. The work is not hard, but it takes a slight, which lacking, caused me to bark my knuckle, spill a good part of the water, and do the work very awkwardly. None the less, the obliging fellow who gave me the privilege, did not fail to claim backshish and to get it—half a piastre. The usual wages for a day's work at the shadoof is from two to three piastres—ten or fifteen cents; so that I increased the percentage of his wages that day very considerably, though small the sum given.

Another unique experience was to see two *zoba-ahs*—a lofty column of sand caused by a whirlwind and closely resembling a solid stone pillar 500 to 700 feet high.

On Sundays it is our custom to have either a preaching service or a voluntary social meeting, both of which, accompanied by choice music, have proved very pleasant and edifying. Henry F. Wood, of Bath, Maine, a Free Baptist, conducted the last service and gave for a theme the illustrations we have seen while in Egypt of the Bible truth and the fulfillment of the Bible prophecies. Many very telling points were brought out, among others the prophetic utterance and its fulfillment concerning the destruction of Noph or Memphis, in Jeremiah xlv: 19; the allusion to irrigation in Deuteronomy xi: 10; the certain triumph of the gospel work now progressing so favorably as foretold, Isaiah xix: 21; the evident fitness of the plague of flies described, Exodus, viii: 21 (a plague which either was never wholly removed or has since returned); and the striking correspondence in size and shape of the holy of holies in the ancient

temple at Deuderah with the holy of holies in the tabernacle of Moses. It was indeed an instructive service, and I never before realized how large is the space given to Egypt in the Holy Book. I hope to richly profit by the confirmations of scripture to be traced in Egypt's many and wonderful inscriptions and monuments. But I must reserve for another letter some account of these things, and with them a description of the tombs and temples, almost without number, through which we were taken.

GEORGE DARSIE.

Deafness Can't Be Cured.

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

A SPLENDID FARM —AT— COMMISSIONER'S SALE!

FRANKLIN CIRCUIT COURT.
In Equity.

BY VIRTUE OF THE JUDGMENT RENDERED in the above cause at the January term, 1895, I will sell at public sale, to the highest and best bidder, on

MAY 6, 1895.

At the courthouse door in the city of Frankfort, Ky., between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m., on a credit of six, twelve and eighteen months, in equal installments, the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise \$9,456.53, the amount of the debt, interest and cost herein, to-wit:

Said real estate is that certain tract or parcel of land containing four hundred and fifty acres, more or less, and which is situated in Franklin county, Ky., on Main Elkhorn Creek and bounded as follows, to-wit: On the north by the lands of Jno. T. Hockersmith; on the east by Main Elkhorn creek; on the south by the lands of Samuel Martin and James Martin, Mrs. Lantia Stedman and Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church, and including the county road leading from Stedman's mill to Cedar Cove, and on the west by the lands formerly owned by Jno. Mullen, deceased and ———— Cheney—that is, beginning at a sycamore tree on the west bank of Main Elkhorn, corner of Samuel Martin; thence north with the meanders of said creek to the line of Jno. T. Hockersmith; thence west and north and northwest with the lines of said Hockersmith to the lands formerly owned by ———— Cheney to the county road leading from Stedman's mill to Cedar Cove; thence including said road and with the lines of Jno. Martin, Lantia Stedman, the Baptist Church and Samuel Martin to the beginning.

I will first offer said land in parcels, a description and plat of which can be seen on application to the undersigned commissioner. And I will then offer said tract as a whole and accept the bid or bids under which the greatest sum will be realized for said whole tract, provided however, that if any one or two of the parcels shall bring enough to satisfy the liens of the Bank of Kentucky and Isham Bailey, then the remaining parcel or parcels will not be sold, nor will said tract as a whole be offered. Said lands will be sold subject to a lien for \$1,350, with interest from January 2, 1893, until paid, in favor of the infant defendants in the suit.

Purchaser to give bond, with good and sufficient surety, bearing interest from date to have the force and effect of a replevin bond. A lien will be reserved on the property sold until all the purchase money is paid.

W. H. POSEY,
Master Commissioner

Meeting of Stockholders.

THERE WILL BE A MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS OF THE FRANKFORT & FLAT CREEK TURNPIKE ROAD CO. at the Courthouse in Frankfort, at 11 o'clock a. m., on Thursday, May 9th, for the election of directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting.

BEN MARSHALL,
Sec'y and Treas.
April 20-31.